The Auburn Circle

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# Staff Listing

Emily McCann- Editor in Chief

Alana Baldwin- Publicity Manager

Alicia Cafferty- Fiction Editor

Ivy Grimes- Poetry Editor

Joshua Lopez- Non-Fiction Editor

Erica Mote- Photography, Art and Design Editor

David Williams- Staff Photographer

General Staff:

Adam Hajari Julie Hinz

#### **Submissions**

 ${f S}$ ubmissions featured in the *Auburn* Circle are accepted from sutdents. alumni, faculty, and staff of auburn university. Submissions include fiction, nonfiction, poetry, art, photography, and design. Editors review all submissions to select articles and artwork of appropriate size and content for printing. Reasonable care is taken to present the article or artwork in the form it was intended. Editors proof all submissions for accuracy before they are printed. Photos and artwork are chosen and placed with an article baed on theme and design style at the discretion of the editors.

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The opnions of the authors and artis published in this magazine are not meant to represent Auburn University, The *Auburn Circle*, or our advertises in any way.

### Editor's Address

And here it is: the product of hours of staff-members pouring over submissions, of Saturdays spent squinting into the monitor obsessively tweaking layouts, and of occasional moments of doubt, angst, elation, or awe. The truth is that you, the students and community at large, deserve nothing less. In my first semester as editor, I've feel that I have been privileged to experience your work. There are many talented artists and writers in the Auburn community whom I'm honored to feature in these pages. And even from the writers and artists who are just beginning, it's a delight to see people actively engaging the world around them through music, art, or the written word. We wish to encourage you all of you to keep creating and hope that *The Circle* fosters a sense of intellectual and creative community for each of you.

The Circle is officially a 'general-interest' magazine. The staff and I have striven to live up to spirit of the term by representing as many different voices, experiences, and views within these pages as possible. Intellectual and creative diversity is still an undervalued strength of Auburn, a strength to which we hope to give a voice. The fearlessness of our contributors in describing their experiences is vital for a publication dedicated to idea of a forum for the free discussion of ideas. If you have yet to submit, please do so.

We're waiting for you and so is the rest of Auburn.

Finally, I have a few people whom I must thank for their help in putting together this semester's magazine. I thank the entire Communications' Board for their efforts. I thank Emily Helmer for being an awesome advisor and Tamara Bowden for her invaluable services for *The Circle* and other SAP's. I thank my professors for helping me to understand more clearly the power and craft of the written word. I thank my friends and my family for their kindness and good humor. I wish to thank my staff members who, through their efforts, have inspired me to work hard. I especially wish to thank Alana Baldwin for her help in doing layouts. You should be proud of your work and I think you are. Finally, I thank the artists and writers for having the courage to 'put yourselves out there.' It is ultimately for you that we at the Circle continue our efforts to bring you a magazine worthy of your of your efforts and worthy of this school.

Emily McCann Emily McCann Editor-in-Chief, 2004-2005



## In Memoriam: Professor Krishkin

#### Ben Martin-Bean

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I still can't believe Professor Krishkin is dead. Nick Krishkin was one of the most unique intellects I've ever encountered. Even now I can see him perfectly in my mind's eye; a rather short, stocky old man, pouring over his books and

notes, muttering to himself. Just last week I attended a lecture he gave at Le Sorbonne on the "relativistic existentialist preclassical romanticism in nomadic Neanderthal

societies." As usual, no one understood a word he said, including, I believe, himself.

But then, confusion was always one Krishkin's greatest passions and talents. Another was stealing candy from small children, or "justified sucrose redistribution" as he called it. Of course, he always rationalized the theft be saying the candy was "cooked in the blood and sweat of the oppressed proletariat."

I suppose this was a layover from his communist upbringing.

Born Nikolai Ivanka Ivanishche Ivanok Krishkin in the small Russian town of Slotak in 1930, he excelled in school from a very early age. At seven, he wrote a quite compelling essay on transitional shell based economies in the Maldive Islands. His prodigious talents in philosophy,

It was during this time that he became increasingly disillusioned with the U.S.S.R. He later wrote, "I can live in no society where the great starving masses are subjected to the will of the privileged few; unless, of course I am one of those few."

and at the age of only 14 he left his family's small, impoverished rural farm to attend

Whenever asked about the reasons for his apostasy, Krishkin would simply answer, "USA A-OK." Needless to say, he spoke very poor English at first. It was good enough, however, to name names before The House Un-American Activities Committee in the fall of 1953. He simply copied a portion of the Brooklyn telephone directory onto the palm of his hand. As a result, six men with the last name Aaronson were sent to federal prison on treason charges.

of the one country's most prestigious s m a 1 1, impoverished universities. It was during this time that he became increasingly disillusioned with the U.S.S.R. He later wrote, "I can live in no society where

the great starving masses are subjected to the will of the privileged few; unless, of course I am one of those few." Believing this to be an unlikely future for himself, Krishkin defected to the United States in 1952.

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copied a portion of the Brooklyn telephone directory onto the palm of his hand. As a result, six men with the last name Aaronson were sent to federal prison on treason charges.

Once his use of the English language had improved, he began to make a name for himself in certain academic circles with his

groundbreaking work in the field of microbiological psychology. Thanks to this, he was eventually able to attain a position at Berkeley, teaching a course entitled "Advanced Freudian Solid Geometry." The unprecedented drop-out and failure rates of his classes soon gained him the attention of the scholastic community, and he was given the Lerner Award for Achievements in the Field of Academic Elitism. The night of the ceremony, I remember, he was quite distraught. "No one great is ever appreciated in his own time," he grumbled. "This is very disappointing." Ultimately,

he traded his plaque with a young neighborhood boy for some jawbreakers and an Arky Vaughn rookie card. I was somewhat frustrated that he didn't take the accolade seriously, but relieved that at least he hadn't just stolen the candy.

Shortly thereafter, he was fired from the university. I won't go into specifics, but it had to do with a young coed and some of Krishkin's more radical theories on the ethical subjectivity of

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sexual behavior in the postindustrialized age. Undeterred by this temporary setback, Krishkin began research on what is now his most famous academic work. Entitled *Proof of the* Expanding Sub-Cosmoverse, it secured him international recognition. Before its publication he asked me to read it.

asked me to read it.

I told him I found his logic and semantics nearly incomprehensible. "Good," he told me. "That means no one can prove me wrong."

With this newly gained academic notoriety, my friend was offered a senior position at Stanford University. These, I believe, were among the happiest years of his life. When not teaching classes, he spent much of his time in the genetics labs attempting to cross breed a field mouse with a parrot. Although his motives were never quite clear, I think he wanted a pet

Continued on page 14

# A Behavioral Study

#### Harris Porter

Upon rising from bed one Sunday morning, I walked to my bedroom window to admire the bright and early daybreak, which I often do, and observed with some trepidation that my surroundings no longer stood as they always had. By this I do not mean merely that a tree had fallen or some construction was taking place across the street from me, but that the road, the yards around me, and even the neighboring houses themselves

were gone. In their places were four tall gray walls, easily the largest manmade structures I have ever seen in person, which met at their edges and constituted, under an equally immense ceiling and above a concrete floor, a room of colossal proportions. From the

ceiling hung hundreds of halogen lamps, which were doing a marvelous job of keeping the room lit and bright.

I took some time pondering the cause of such a transformation, then I donned pants and a short-sleeve shirt and stepped onto my front porch, from where I proceeded to make a circle around my house and further examine this room.

I stopped at the rear of the house, near the spot where my little wooden shed once stood. Along the wall on this side of the structure ran a narrow staircase, which started at the lower left corner of the wall and ascended to the upper right corner, where it ended at a door. To the right of the door was a window, about four feet long and two feet tall. Inside the window I could see two dark shapes, possibly heads, silhouetted against a bright light. I saw they were moving, and for the chance that they be people, I shouted a "Hallo!" The heads made no response, nor did they after I tried a second time, so I went to the foot of the staircase and began to climb it

At the top, I determined more astutely the scale of this room. It was larger than I had first thought, dwarfing my house and being at least two hundred feet tall. I now

could also see more clearly

the two figures in the window, which did prove to be people and who regarded me with ample interest. I knocked on the door and watched as the two men exchanged words and one of them hurried to answer my call. I heard a series of

locks and bolts being unbolted and unlocked, respectively, and then the door slowly opened and out stepped, even more slowly, one of the men from the window.

"Yes?" he asked, looking over me from head to toe.

"Good morning," I answered, I think cheerily, and pointed down two hundred feet to my house. "I live there."

The man stepped a bit further out from the doorway and peered over the railing.

"Yes," he said again.

"Well, it appears that someone has either torn down all the houses in my neighborhood and built instead this structure," I said, indicating with my hands the room around me, "or my house has

somehow been moved in here."

The man regarded my house and me with equal disinterest.

"Yes."

"I was hoping you could tell me why," I said hopefully, with my biggest smile.

"It is a behavioral study," the man told me.

"Oh," I said, and widened my eyes until I thought I seemed appropriately impressed. "I see." I did not exactly see. "And how do I factor into with this study?"

"You are the study."

"Oh," I said again, and widened my eyes further. "Yes, yes. Well, what a thing!"

We stood silently until I remembered I was supposed to buy milk today, having finished off the last in the jug the previous night.

"Say, is there any way I could get to the grocery?"

"No. I'm afraid not."

"Oh. Well, you see, I'm fresh out of milk and I suppose I'll be wanting some soon." A thought struck me. "Is this a behavioral study designed to study me when I have no milk?"

"No."

This came as quite a relief. "Oh, good. Well, I would be very happy if something could be worked out so that I can buy milk. Oh. Say, are you wanting to study me when I miss work?"

"No. It is only a study of your normal behavior."

"Well, tomorrow is Monday, and I must go to work at 7:30. Else tomorrow should prove to be a most abnormal day. I have yet to miss a day of work for four years!"

The man obviously had not taken this into consideration, and he made no attempt to disguise the anguish he must have felt for being so troubled. "I will take care of it," he said and turned to go back inside.

"And the milk!" I reminded as the door shut.

Upon awakening Monday I discovered that on the north side of my house (rather, what was once the north side) lay my office building where I had not missed a day of work in four years and on the opposite side, to my delight, the grocery. As it was only a little after 6:00 and the grocery now in such close proximity to my home, I decided to buy milk before walking next door to begin the work day.

"Hallo!" I called, standing at the checkout counter, just as I had done countless times before. This time, however, there was evidently no one in the store to ring up my purchase, take my money, put my milk in a bag, or wish me a good day.

"Do I pay you for this?" I asked the man in the window, holding out a few dollar bills and the jug of milk, after I had with some difficulty put it in a plastic bag myself, climbed the two-hundred foot staircase, and knocked on the door.

"No."
"Oh."

At work I had the place to myself. This certainly had its perks, among them the freedom to use my manager's private bathroom and listen to the radio as loud as I liked, though I was unable to get service in the cafeteria and when the copy machine broke, as it often does, there was no one to repair it.

Tuesday I arrived at work a trifle late and, in the absence of my coworkers, decided to move my papers, my computer and all that goes with it, my potted plants and my personal items, into my manager's office, where, I had decided the previous night, I would spend the rest of my work days. I even claimed the mini-refrigerator in the corner. I took substantially more pleasure in my work, sitting in my leather swivel chair and enjoying the masterly view of my house and the grocery.

Later in the evening I stopped in the grocery once again. Under the propitious

condition that I need not pay for the items I selected, I loaded a shopping cart with gourmet coffee, center cut bacon, pineapples, several cartons of the expensive brand of orange juice, and other commodities of higher quality than that to which I was accustomed. On my way out, I fancied that I might like to celebrate my office upgrade with a little cake. So I headed back into the store, made my way to the display stand and picked the biggest, most extravagant cake I saw. However, the cakes were locked inside the display case, and I had no idea of where to look for the key.

Once I put away the items I had taken from the grocery, I wasted no time in marching up the towering staircase and knocking on the one door in the room. This was my second time asking for assistance, and I thought with a little shame that this behavioral study was hurting from my performance.

"Yes?" asked the same man who had opened the door the time before.

"Sorry to be a bother," I said, quite honestly, I think, "but there are no employees to help me in the grocery, and I'm afraid I require assistance if I am to get a cake that is in one of the locked cases."

The man looked from me to the grocery far below us and then to me again.

"So I was wondering if there was any chance that you could bring someone in who worked in the store."

"Who works in the store?"

Though I had shopped in that grocery on a regular occasion, usually no less than once every week, my memory failed me in recalling the names of any cashiers. Even if I had been able to remember a name from a name tag, it would only have been a first name, quite insufficient for locating any individual.

"Apes," I blurted.

"Apes?"

"Apes," I blurted.

"Apes?"

my limits under a babysitter.

could see he needed me to

orangutan, I think."

amplify my answer.

Chimpanzees.

I felt like a child testing

"Yes. Apes work there." I

"Gorillas.

One

I felt like a child testing my limits under a babysitter.

"Yes. Apes work there." I could see he needed me to amplify my answer. "Gorillas. Chimpanzees. One orangutan, I think."

This apparently came as even more unexpected trouble for the man, who nodded

bleakly in understanding and turned to go back into his

room with the single window

window.

"Yes. I see,"
he said as the door

closed behind him.

What they did in the store could by no standard be

considered work,

but the apes did, if nothing else, provide a source of

entertainment. I took the day off to lounge in the produce

section and watch as the chimpanzees leapt about, on top of shelves and around their slower-moving relatives. The gorillas mostly kept to themselves and were the least fun, but every so often one would throw a fit and stamp about, yelling like mad and scattering the chimps and making a spectacle of himself. The orangutan made obscene noises, sometimes with its mouths and sometimes not, hung lethargically from ceiling ducts, rolled about on the floor, and did very little else.

So pleased was I with the results of my experiment that that afternoon, which was Wednesday afternoon, I took the calendar off my bedroom wall and hurried up the metal stairs for a third visit.

"Yes?"

"You may have noticed that I did not go to work today," I said, making an effort to conceal my good humor.

"Yes," said the man.

"That is because there are certain jobs I cannot perform without the help of my manager and coworkers present."

The man waited for me to go on.

"I was hoping you could bring in the other employees at my office."

I waited for his next question, which I was sure would follow. "Who are the employees?" he asked.

"These women," I said, handing him my calendar.

The man studied what I had given him. "All of them?"

"Yes, please. If it's not too much trouble," I said with a smile. "Oh, and on Thursdays I always drive one of the company cars."

"What are the company cars?"

"Oh, let's see," I began and pulled out my list, "we have a Lamborghini Diablo, a Ferrari 360, a few Porsche 911s, and a Chevy Lumina." I had mentioned the last one simply to add credibility to the whole thing.

The man nodded solemnly. "Yes. I see."

I may have overdone it a bit. The next day I spent most of my time relaxing at home, doing my best to get acquainted with my enchanting new coworkers, playing games with the grocery store primates, and driving around at enormous speeds in my company cars, which were a decided blast. I even came to be quite fond of the Lumina.

By Friday, my television received six-hundred channels. Next door to the grocery had been erected a bowling alley, and behind my house were two Olympicsized swimming pools.

By Saturday, I could have my choice of being thrilled on the roller

coaster which soared above me and all around the room or of watching the Boston Bruins play the New Jersey Devils right in front of me.

It may have been the blimp that finally destroyed my integrity. I do not really know why I wanted a blimp. It was probably the sheer possibility that enticed me. It got in the way of the roller coaster and was blocking out all the light in the room.

Anyway, I awoke Sunday morning, having spent exactly one week in the confines of that marvelous room, to discover that all was back in its place. The trees were outside my house again. The neighbors' dog was barking away. The street was there, as were the other houses, their respective yards and bushes, and everything else. My disappointment could scarcely be concealed.

I saw at work the next morning that I would once again be working from my old office, and when I asked my supervisor about the Maxim girls, he looked at me like I was mad.

I do admit that I feel somewhat bad for disrupting a behavioral study as I did, especially with as much effort as went into it. Though, if I had it to do over again, I am not entirely sure I would act differently. I suppose it was simply human nature prevailing over common sense and courtesy.

# What's in a Class Title?

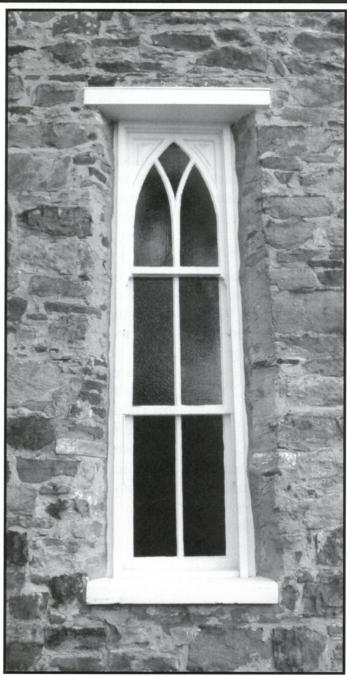
How "Great books" became "World Literature"

Erica Mote

T sit

alone, undisturbed
by the usual
parading, the
occasional bump
on my side, or
repositioning of
the uneasy pair of
legs. The room is
empty and quiet.
Surreal as I
patiently await my
next bun warmer.
It's not like it used
to be. It wouldn't

be though. Everything has changed. The



No Title-b&w photo Megan Evanochko

guidelines, the teachers'
preferences, and what they call the class. The classroom banter is no longer centered on what a 'great book' really is, and the suggestion that the answer must be known is no longer present.

It began with a single woman's initiative to make a transformation for the better.

she did not perceive the class to be teaching generally accepted overall. great books, but a broad range of cultures.

in the change of its heading World to Literature. By and large, the decision to modify the course title was an issue of association and preconception. Since the change, the guidelines for professors have been slightly altered, outlining certain eras

Constance Relihan noticed uneasiness about present from a few. In the end, it was the title of the English course, Great Books; approved by the Dean and Provost and

The change was affective beginning this After observing this she created quite a fall. Great Books I and II are now known as ruckus in the English department, resulting World Literature I and II. Although the title

> My favorite book Is one that has ants and war I am not kidding

Things We Hold to be Absolute:

2. Tree forts are private I will never let you in What is the password?

Michael Francis

has been slow to arrive. students are receiving the change well. While great books were in fact being taught, the topics and manuscripts covered were essentially world literature, ranging from writings from women of non-western cultures to the medieval as well as

about the reception of the faculty on the issue world literature, not just 'great books.' she replied, "there were no brawls in the halls." Most faculty members believes that titling the class 'great books' was somehow misleading. However, opposition was

and cultures to be addressed. When asked the ancients. Essentially the content is great

# Life and Times of the English Center

#### Joshua Lopez

In an effort to discover how students feel about the Auburn University English Center, the Auburn Circle hit the concourse and polled over twenty students. We asked each of these unsuspecting individuals, "What do you know about the English Center?"

Here are some excerpts from the most positive/negative of the replies:

"Hmm... I think they help you with English papers."

~ Junior; History

Curious about the English Center?

Does it "suck," or is it beneficial?

Let's take a closer look...

So, curious about the English Center? Does it "suck," or is it beneficial? Let's take a closer look...

The English Center was established at its present location in Haley Center 3183, in 1996. The Center offers tutoring services in writing and reading for Auburn University students and emphasizes

writing as a process. While specifically catering to those

students enrolled in Composition or World Literature courses, the Center assists students in other courses as well.

So, ready to drop that paper off and start the weekend early? Sorry, not so fast! The English Center does not fix your paper for you; you fix your paper. As stated above, the Center stresses writing as a process. Therefore, consultants *help* you with brainstorming, thesis generation, organizing, outlining, drafting, revising, and/or proofreading. The writing consultants at the Center do not and cannot edit, correct, or write your paper for you, but they can give you some fantastic advice.

You may ask, "If they give such wonderful advice, why do some students like the Freshman Political Science major above

"They're supposed to fix your papers for you, but they screwed me over royally...I got a D on that stupid paper. They f\*\*\*\*\* suck." ~ Freshman; Political Science

"They help you correct your English papers. I'm actually headed there right now!"

~ Sophomore; Business

"Ughh...I'm not sure. They probably help you speak English better."

~ Freshmen; Marketing

"It's in Haley, and I'm like their best customer. I got a B in Comp I and an A in Comp II because of them; so yeah, I would definitely recommend them."

~ Sophomore; Computer Science

think they suck?" Well, there are a myriad of possible answers to this query; however,

writing consultants suggest considering the following questions when evaluating a negative report of the English Center.

Did the student in question actually take the advice of the Center consultant? If so, how

much time did the student dedicate to improving his/her paper?

When did the student in *question visit the Center?* Did he ask for help a week prior to the assignment deadline or ten minutes prior the commencement of class?

Further evidence to support the

merit of the English Center comes in the form of cold, hard statistics. During the 1995-1996 academic year, approximately 1,000 Center sessions were conducted. That is to say, students were assisted by English Center consultants 1,000 times. During the 2003-2004 academic year, over 4,600 sessions were conducted! In 1996, the English Center was staffed by 12 consultants, 9:00AM to 4:00PM Monday through Thursday. The English Center is currently staffed by more than 40 consultants, 9:00AM to 9:00PM Monday through Thursday and 9:00AM to 2:30PM on Friday! The impressive growth of the English center is a testament to the efficacy

of the writing consultants and the dedication of the Center's director, Dr.

Isabelle Thompson.

The pleasant and

comparatively

plush environment

of the English

Center may also be

attributed to the

of

Dr.

During the 1995-1996 academic year, approximately 1,000 Center sessions were conducted. That is to say, students were assisted by English Center consultants 1,000 times. During the 2003-2004 academic year, over 4,600 sessions were conducted

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English Center does not fix

your paper for you; you fix

your paper.

Thompson. acquiring grants from numerous sources, Thompson has transformed a drab, cramped, and overwhelmingly chartreuse environment,

efforts

into a carpeted center learning.

and comfortable for

Finally, it is worth noting that the English Center is not a "remedial" service; rather, it is an invaluable

resource for all Auburn writers. Thus, whether you are intrigued, optimistic, or just plain desperate, we suggest that you swing by the Auburn University English Center and learn how the writing consultants there can make your best better.



Andalusia- b&w photo John Counts

## **A Thousand Words**

David Boozer

I read an essay for world history that claimed the development of the written word during the urban revolution caused a shift from an auditory to a visual society. In today's world of hypercommunication via the Internet and television, this principle has flourished. From fine art to paparazzi, formal events to casual outings, photography permeates every aspect of our culture. When treated responsibly, this captivity of instants is the perfect preservation of our history: a personal fossil record, if you will. When used carelessly, however, it begins to pose a problem.

We hold onto our lives' defining moments by stamping sensations into our minds and building memories around them. But the memory is more than a mental image—it's an event that's been processed to produce a truth about life. These days everyone has a camera, and we're often content to let Kodak make the images for us. I fear we may be losing the skill that the invention was meant to supplement. It's become more about the image than the event, as if we might someday require proof that our lives really happened. But our recollections only blur together in page after page of hasty snapshots void of any personal revelation. This is why holiday gatherings with my family are always interrupted just as the fun is really starting. Warm conversation and contented smiles give way to "Say cheese" incantations and fidgety, plastered grins. The memory doesn't match the image, and those portraits come back seeming stale and contrived, giving the whole occasion a false appearance of tedium and disinterest.

When my roommate and I sat down at the computer last year to research the best route for our trip that summer, I was participating with a skepticism that reminded me of a teenager smugly ignoring his younger sibling's latest scheme. It wasn't that I didn't want to go. I just never expected to have any real adventures in my lifetime. I had conditioned myself to confine my experiences to the inside of my cranium, never expecting to actually live life...you know, like, within the actual space-time continuum. But when it became clear that this was more than just another youthful daydream, one of my chief concerns involved the acquisition of a good camera with which to document this living of life I was planning for the summer. While John was content to carry along a handful of disposable cameras, I excavated my parents' old Canon from its flaking leather case and taught myself the basic functions, snapping candids of friends and flowers and furniture. were jammed indiscriminately into tiny lifetime, and I wasn't rationing mine out

parcels and stored for later review. It was a desperate attempt document what I knew to be a one-time experience. When we got to Yellowstone ten days into our expedition, I was a picturetaking machine. eagerly encapsulated intricate lichens and stately firs. endearing little prairie dogs and intimidating bison, canyons and cascades and mudpots and hot springs. Yellowstone is amazing

place—everyone's photographer within its boundaries.

weeks of being constantly on the move,

For three thousand miles I abducted with 3,000 miles of asphalt behind me and scenery and wildlife into my little black box. 3,000 more ahead. There's only so much Stone presidents and prairie landscapes wonder one pair of eyes can behold in a

The Coldest Winter- b&w photo Stuart Jones

very wisely. I trudged sullenly past the lodge and visitor center. following the signs with t o t a 1 indifference. When John called out from ahead that the next eruption was expected to occur within ten minutes. I perked and started walking faster. began to run when I saw steam. the camera clunking heavily against my chest, but I stopped

short a hundred yards from the viewing We didn't make it to Old Faithful platform when the first big column began until the end of our second day in the park. to unfurl. I raised my camera to my eye I must admit I was less than excited about only once, matter-of-factly clicking the it. Maybe I was just depleted after two shutter with little attention to centering and

lighting. I knew instinctively that this was something bigger than film.

It was a rare moment of clarity. For the brief duration of the eruption, I wasn't vying for the perfect shot or brewing up some elaborate dissertation on the experience: it was simple, silent awe. This plume of shimmering white emerging from the wasteland was an image I'd always

longed for—I'll never again struggle to imagine how it might have looked to the Israelites when God appeared in the wilderness as a pillar of clouds. The torrent subsided quickly, and I turned around to join the tide of excited tourists which carried me to

It was a rare moment of clarity. For the brief duration of the eruption, I wasn't vying for the perfect shot or brewing up some elaborate dissertation on the experience: it was simple, silent awe.

its logical breaking point: the gift shop. I have never been more pleased to fork over eight bucks for a cheeseburger. I was famished! Living takes a lot out of a guy.

My second day back home I ran to the one-hour photo center to claim the trophies I had stored away in those little black canisters. Apparently, though, I'm not the camera whiz I'd thought I was: of the six rolls I had used, only one-and-a-half actually turned out. But God works in mysterious ways, and I think He wanted to clear my mind of all the hype that surrounded the trip and force me to reflect on the important things I had learned. I tried my hardest to preserve the experience with pictures, but of the forty prints I got back, only five or six actually do justice to

the emotions I was feeling at the moment of the film's exposure. I've since learned that a camera is not a substitute for good old-fashioned living. It is only a tool, harnessed by wisdom, good for summoning the power of a moment that has slipped into memory. We need that defining moment to provide the narrative that will breathe purpose into the image.

I'm not a photographer, so I can't evaluate this little snapshot's technical quality. But I do have good eyes for searching out the beauty in even the plainest things, and something really strikes me about it: something in the

posture of the onlookers and the glowing boardwalk beneath them, something in the sheen of the waterspout against the mellow backdrop of the sky. I can just hear the distant sputtering, that singular stench is stinging at the back of my throat, and the silent wonder that's surrounding those tourists threatens to consume me as well.

We all know the old cliché. A picture is worth a thousand words. But really, for most of us, that's only true for a few rare gems out of dozens of disposable 35mm's dropped in a bin at Wal-Mart. This is one of mine.



God Bless America and John Wayne- b&w photo Bobby Dickson

# Praise for Ivan from a Freshman

#### Alabanza a Iván segán una Freshman

Ven, Tempestad Ven Para que no tengamos clase nada más

> Destruye! Sople! Brame! Grite!

Corre fuerte, Gigante Libertador de Tareas Corre fuerte, Gigante Traidor de Fiestas. Corre sobre el Bibb-Graves.

> Tiemble el Haley Center de tu terrible faz!

Los computadores! Aula! Las tareas! Nada más.

Hay deluvios en el Parker Hall!
Hay estudiantes en los tiendes de
licores!

Hay profesores en los supermarcados Comprando pilas.

Pero, por qué Gran Traidor? Por qué nos traicionas? No hay ráfagas sino brisas?

Vete, Gota de Lluvia, Vete! Tenemos escuela siempre más

# Praise for Ivan from a Freshman

Come, Hurricane, Come! So school, we have nevermore.

Destroy! Blow! Roar! Scream!

Run strong, Giant Liberator of Homework! Run strong, Giant Bringer of Parties! Run over Bibb Graves!

Haley Center trembles from your terrible face!

Computers! Classrooms! Homeworks! Never more.

There are floods in Parker Hall!
There are students in liquor stores!
They are professors in
supermarkets
buying batteries

But why, Great Traitor? Why did you betray us? Instead of wind gusts, breezes.

Flee, Raindrop, Flee! We have school forever more.

Kristen McAlear



Looking Back- b&w photo Dana Jaffe-

# Why is the Sky Green?

Harris Porter

It was two minutes till six, and I sat outdoors watching the sunset. I made a point to watch it everyday. A fiery orb set against pale blue, descending into a swell of cloud and finally collapsing on the horizon in a glow of red and orange. People tell me a sunset is beautiful. I tell them it's green.

Since the day of my birth, a greenish hue has been my one lingering affliction.

Never have I known the joy of yellow, the safety of blue, the wealth of purple, the purity of white. It's called protanomaly, a confusion of

pigmentation in my cones, a deficiency, the agent of my poisoned eyes and the grounds for my bleak perspective.

It was six exactly, and my date was running late. We had arranged to meet in the park at six, here, at the bench which I now solely occupied. Our first date, and already a broken promise. Surely she took me for granted, the way normal people take a rainbow for granted. They live in a bloated spectrum, a vivid, resplendent world of which I am not a part. I've never seen a rainbow. God made no promise to the colorblind, so why should this girl keep a promise to me?

One in every twelve people is colorblind. The defect is inherited, genetically passed, usually from father to son, and once you've got it, there is no correction. Like most of the problems which plague us today, we have our ancestors to blame for it, and it falls on us to live with it.

I live with it, and I lived with it gravely as I waited for my date. I had never

met this girl. It was (and I can barely tolerate the irony) my first blind date. I would give her ten more minutes.

I sank into the bench a little, and stared harder into the sun. I could

gorge myself on a flicker of red. A rose. A drop of blood. A pretty girl's cheeks when I smile at her. Passion.

"Are you Ray?"

I sank into the bench a little,

and stared harder into the sun.

I could gorge myself on a

flicker of red. A rose. A drop

of blood. A pretty girl's cheeks

when I smile at her.

Passion.

The question caught me off guard, and I turned to see a girl smiling down at me. She was beautiful.

"Yes," I answered, and slid over, beckoning her to sit. "You're Farah?"

Her eyes were genuine and her smile was delicate. She sat.

"Yes. Alan told me all about you. I really wanted to meet you."

Alan, our mutual friend and the steward of this union. He told me about

her, as well. Gorgeous, smart, kind, and bright. Thus far, he was on the mark.

"Beautiful sunset," she said, and I cringed.

I don't date much. I'm blunt, and I'm petty, and I'm very often disagreeable.

"I hate sunsets," I said, and that killed the conversation.

The sun sank a little lower.

"The reason I wanted to meet you," Farah began, "is because we have something in common." She turned her head so that she was looking right into my eyes. "Alan told me you're colorblind."

momentarily frozen. No man enjoys the betrayal of his inadequacies, especially not in the face of a pretty girl. And this girl had a very pretty face. She didn't take her eyes off me.

"I'm colorblind, too," she said.

I stayed frozen.

"Not protanomalous," she continued, "I'm a deutan. I only see reds..."

"I know what a deutan is," I said.

I kept watching her. I could only assume the sun was still sinking.

"So you only see greens?" she asked finally.

"That's right."

She smiled and brushed an indolent strand of hair from her face. "How do you like green?"

"It gets old after awhile."

Her smile faded. "Yeah, red gets old, too."

"Sure."

"I like it, though. I guess I can't complain."

I could. I glanced at my watch. It was five after six, and the sun was resting on the hills in the distance.

"You wanted to meet me because I'm colorblind?"

There was a pause before she

answered.

"Alan told me about you. You so unded interesting."

"You're deuteranomalous. You're a deutan. I'm a protan. Did you think you could understand

I remembered Alan telling me that Farah was one in a million. One in every two hundred females is colorblind. About one third of those are deuteranomalous. A very small percentage of those are as pretty as Farah, and maybe one in a thousand would be willing to spend time with a critical grump like me.

me?"

"We have something in common."

"You can't see green. I can't see red. What could we ever agree on? What could we have in common?"

She slid her fingers over mine and let her mouth drop open slightly. "I just wanted to meet you, Ray."

I remembered Alan telling me that Farah was one in a million. One in every two hundred females is colorblind. About one third of those are deuteranomalous. A very small percentage of those are as pretty as Farah, and maybe one in a thousand would be willing to spend time with a critical grump like me.

Her fingers closed around mine. I looked into her eyes. What if she was one in a million? Could I afford to throw away what might be my one chance to see things from a different perspective? Why should I limit myself to only those who

think like I do, who see the world the way I see it?

Ten after six, and the sun was creeping further away.

have much time."

She squeezed my hand and leaned in closer.

"What does the sunset look like?"

She described the sunset until the last sliver had fallen below the hills. I listened with closed eyes and an open mind.

We held hands, and we walked back to my house in the darkness, when black was black, and the rainbow held meaning for no one. She told me I had the most beautiful red hair she'd ever seen,

and I told her she had the loveliest green skin in the world. I found happiness through the eyes of another.

They say that yellow represents happiness. Blue signifies peace of mind. White is purity. Red is passion.

They say that green represents growth, and, for the first time, I think I understand that.

What makes people different? Is it "Farah," I whispered, "we don't the way we're built or is it how we perceive things? Why is it so difficult to trust? And

> why do we fall in love? Why is the sky green?-



Roses- b&w photo David Plaxco



# Grandfather's Train

At night under the rustle of my down comforter, I can hear the train mechanically pushing through the distance. In this almost-quiet, I see you and the times we've talked, never saying anything. When I visit you and play cards at the dining room table with grandmother, I hear the bored click of the remote control as you search through the tv channels. What are you searching for in those John Wayne westerns? I think you may have left it behind with your traveling salesman stories that you never tell mea suitcase of vacuum cleaner parts or hairbrushes, and the Smiths or Johnsons you sold them to. Grandmother says you were always gone, and you still aren't always here. But on quiet nights in the steel swoosh of the train that passes by my window, I imagine you waving from the club car.

Kia Powell

opposite: Boulder Canyon, Boulder, CO. Bobby Dickson

Pretentious English Majors

It's funny how people think they can find things places. open drawers never work. They've been searched. You invade my words, form your own notions, some reasonable, some extreme. intruder stop. Maybe there's nothing there. infection of your next door neighbor, maybe it's easier to find the flaws in other people. or are you just curious? introspection can be provoked but your manipulating gleam has me thinking aesthetically pleasing things have their place. why can't you take them for what they are? so you're not a fan of Wilde...

...I mean, it's good to have your principles, the deeper meaning is always appreciated, but what about it's color, it's shape? that desk I found on the side of the road, you thought it was too good to be true, and suddenly it was.

I had nightmares for twelve nights you provoker of reason and rot.

Antique art deco desk with peeling paint, perhaps a bad phantom inhabits its wood grain,

but all the better I say. maybe I will pick up a story, or inherit a dirty line from its ghost.

Alicia Cafferty



# have a **Fight**



Collapsing- color photo Trey Porter

Open draws get overlooked. Anything worth keeping in the first place Is worthy seeking out when it is lost.

A good neighbor is concerned. I question your motives and everyone else's Even my own are suspect.

But if someday you lose me and leave me lost, I won't take it personally. Maybe there's nothing there.

You said your poem wasn't about me
To begin with, but turned personal.
Once I told you antique desks don't fall from the sky
And onto Thatch for your benefit.
One did, but I don't envy youYour prize is cold and smells like rotten fruit and smoke.
Your nightmares are your own.
I am not the evil spirit that lives in your room.

I look too hard, you say,
Past color and form, and finding nothing,
I invent a world of meaning of my own.
When you're in love, the world is a sugar pill;
In church, it is pinched and crayon-scrawled.
You think beauty shouldn't have to answer for the way things are
And shouldn't have to be an answer.

If beauty is a drawerless desk,
I'll do without
And write on the kitchen counter instead.

**Ivy Grimes** 

# An Eclectic Colletion A Desiring Professor Erica Mote

Slowly developed from a compilation of photography, William Dunlop's collection entitled, *An Eclectic Aesthetic*, appears a bit out of the ordinary. Angry dogs, Snow White sculptures, and mysterious photography aren't a likely combination. However, they all seem to have a similar theme.

The exhibit description wall at the Jules

Collins Smith Museum of Art described the show to have 'elements of nostalgia and mystery with a narrative sense'. It seems to create a longing, a desire for more. In his Collector's Statement, Dunlop spoke of his intended theme:

"...what they share is my fascination for them, whether it is a carnival prize from childhood memory or a Diana Arbus photograph full of ripe mystery.

I've found collecting to be a pursuit full of satisfaction and enlightenment rather than an activity bound by practicality or the need for future financial appreciation."

Each piece stands alone, yet aids in the path of the eye. While traveling throughout the exhibit, a certain sense of curiosity and blind intuition seems to overcome the viewer. An ever-present desire to know more increases, and the significance of time diminishes to almost nonexistence. There is a force that seems to cause the stroll from each piece to the next to become slower and less evident. And just like that, it is exposed: the theme of desire.

With each new link as important and inspiring as the one before it, the narrative begins. The element of desire is present, gently harmonizing to the melody of the human condition. Desire in Nostalgia—see 'Playing in the backyard' or 'Snow White.'

The need for Romanticism or companionship—see 'David in Bed.' The mystery of the unfathomed—see 'Albino sword swallower at a carnival.' Each possesses its own 'strong story to tell', says Dunlop.

But when viewed as a whole, the story and evidence of the natural desire for more is what carries the show, and perhaps the artist, along.

#### Get to Know Dunlop:

#### Where did you get your degree?

BFA at Corcoran College of Art and Design with a concentration in sculpture and photography

#### When/Why did you decide to teach?

Teaching just fell into my lap. I taught at

Corcoran for a season after graduation, and

when a position in my hometown, Auburn, opened

up, I gladly took it.

#### Do you get inspiration from students?

Certainly. I've found that my work from a couple of years ago, when I was teaching Drawing I, is much more colorful and visually varied.

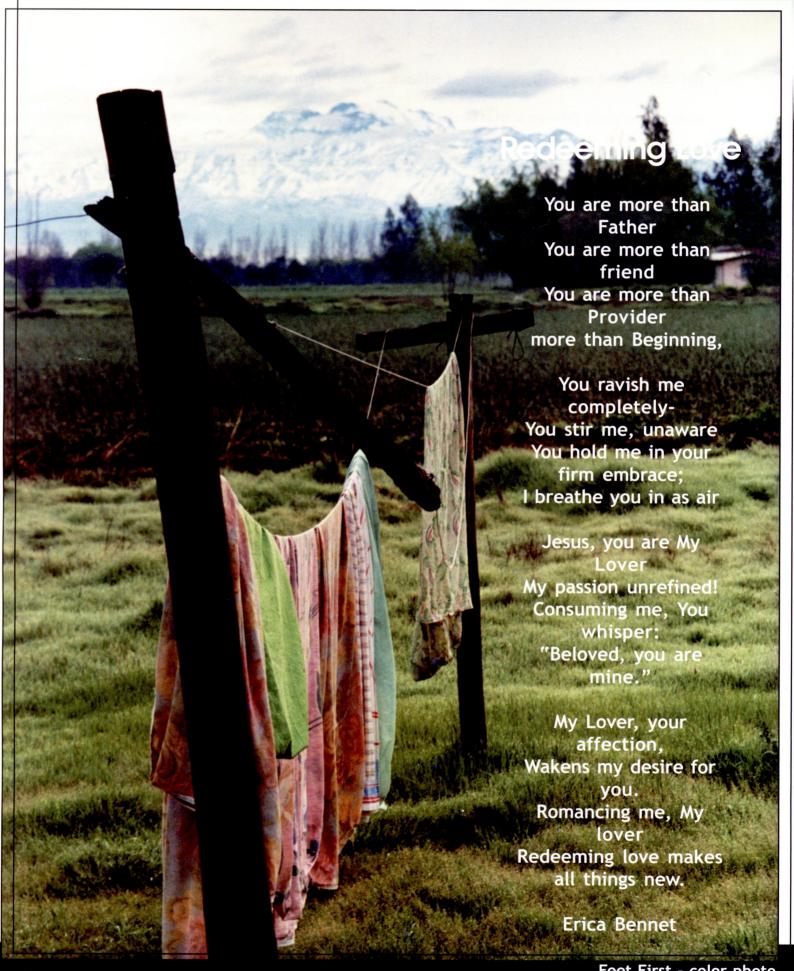
Currently, as I teach 2-D Design, I find my work to be more like that of my class, monochromatic in color and tone, and consisting of classic drawing schemes and mechanisms.

Do you believe the ability to create art is a talent you born with or something that can be taught?

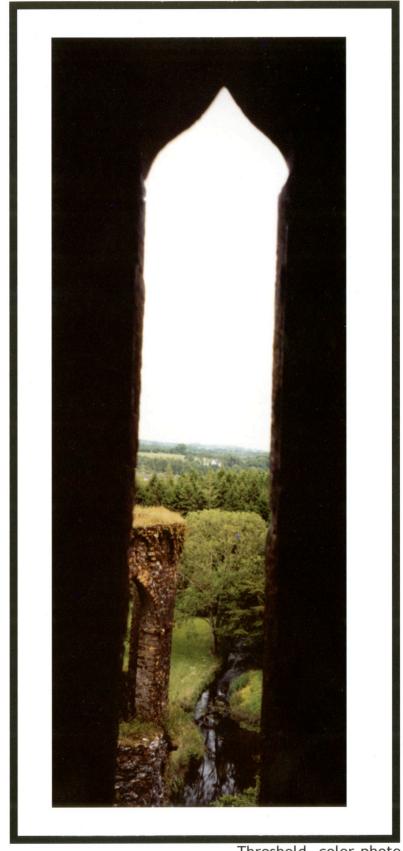
Both. I believe there is a talent indeed, but the ultimate objective of a drawing class is teaching people to see, to draw what it is there. And that is teachable.

You are widely known among art students for your challenges and meticulous preferences in the drawing room, yet your class(es) is/are preferred, by some, over their alternatives—thoughts on your reputation?

Ultimately, I want my students to realize that anything in life worth doing requires self discipline, and its just the same with my class. I want to foster those ideals. I may seem tough and abrasive at first, but in the end I think you'll realize I do, in fact, have a sense of humor.



Feet First - color photo Jessie Vining



Threshold- color photo Alicia Cafferty



# **April Showers**

The moon rises from behind the clouds as it has from the beginning But in a new light

Invisible raindrops wiggle through the sky and tap my face as to awaken me

Only to fall through my pores and touch my source One raindrop and then one before

Each sweeter- then the next

As dampening as can be it brings life to flowers

Feelings to strengthen the soul

Yet I sit on the edge

Only to experience it all over again with every splash of life

One raindrop

And I sit back and visualize what my eyes couldn't picture

Building fire from rain

Gaining strength from the pain

Raindrops take color- shape and tell stories

Psychedelic

Only to experience it all over again with every dancing, tapping color

shaped raindrop

Yet I sit on the edge

The moon rises from behind the clouds as it has from the beginning I submerge in liquid fire and embrace the warmth and not the burn

I dive in

Tiwanna Blakely

Umbrella Lady- collage Ashley Bradford



## Desire

There's a girl sitting
3 rows ahead of me
She is beautiful
With perfect skin
And shapely neck.

She wears a headdress in Green and Gold Kente

I want to tug the pin
Holding it together
Unwrap it slowly
Like I was removed her own
Dusky Skin
Then pull them both
About me like a blanket.
Maybe then I could sit tall, impassive
Wielding my pen as if fencing
With royal advisors

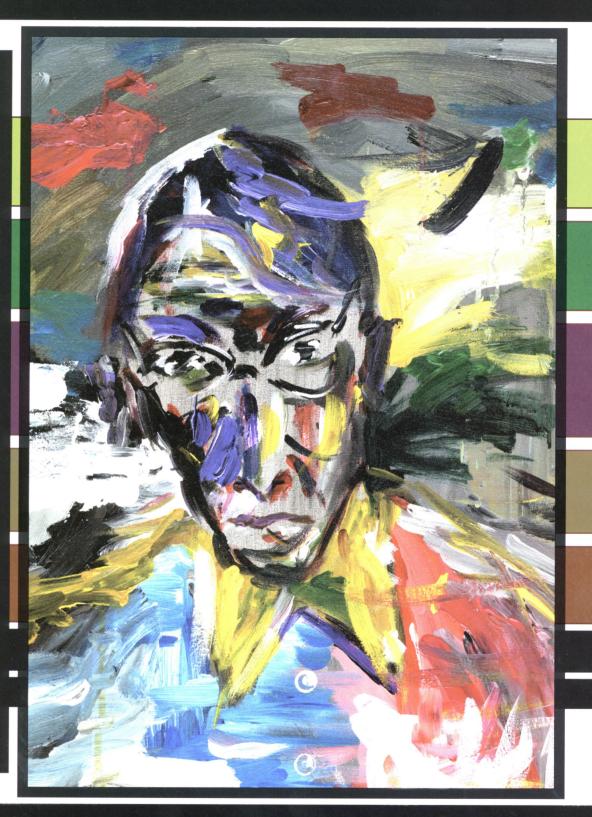
She sits back and sighs, reaching one careless finger To trace the bridge of her nose In one long, elegant movement

Katie Baldwin

# Life in the French Quarter

Like a master artist's troml'oeil painting:
Picturesque windows nestled in
Pastel Pinks, blaring blues, and risqué reds.
Motley colors akin to a jester's shirtsleeve
Line streets that pillage and plunder
Leaving in their wake
Fortunetellers, mocking fate
Tourists, courting trouble
And vendors, peddling to them Bacchanalian visions,
Sacrificing these Bourbon Street virgins

Sheila Watkins



Disorder- acrylic Terran Wilson

# The Makings of a Masochist

When I was a little girl my mother would paint retribution on my fingernails to stop me from sucking my thumb. I get used to it and soon fiend for its flavor.

She gave up eventually figuring that she had failed, Cause she caught me with my thumb in my mouth Even when I wasn't tired.

I went years without the taste of retribution reaching my palate. Then I found a load in my boyfriend's closet. It was his just-in-case-they-trip stash. I asked him for a drop. He spoonfed me a whole bottle.

I drank a little each day until every word I phrased reeked. It took five years for our supply to run dry-- at twenty-one the tang left my mouth.

I still keep a small vial in my purse to dabble on my tongue, so I won't forget the ingredients for belonging to someone.

It's bitter, but I measure the doses carefully.

KanFinae Jones

## Kickin it with KICKING HOWARD:

#### The Setting -

We met Kicking Howard at the apartment of their lead singer, Kevin Cates. We arrived with mixed emotions: half naïve enthusiasm, half good ole' fashioned nausea, all of which were completely deliberate. We also prepared an exhaustive list of soul-seeking and intimidating questions reminiscent of some kind of quiz show. The only thing missing from the scene was, of course, some solid record keeping. The solution: a twelve year old Talkboy coupled with a bootleg tape filled with copious hits from the sterling bands Bush and Hanson. [We thought Kicking Howard could relate]

The quality recording this fateful meeting would produce would tragically alter the interview and, simultaneously, our very lives. Unfortunately, our tape player ate most of the thoughtful, unpretentious

portions of the such, we were dreck. Or were

The Band:
Kicking
pop/punk/emo
recently
thir d
their souls
They are
steadily growing
increasing



interview. As left with the we?

Howard is a band that celebrated their anniversary since became one. enjoying a fan base, enthusiasm, and

a healthy dose of humbling disrespect. They've played 55+ venues in the Eastern U.S., the pinnacles being a showcase at NYC's CBGB's.

Their first album, entitled "An Honest Mistake," was released in January of 2003. April of 2004 marked the release of their second album, "The Auburn EP," and they have gotten 55,000 plays on purevolume.com ever since. They have sold 2,000 albums.

More informations are available at their official website: www.auburn.edu/~catekey.

#### The Interview\_

#### What instruments do you play?

Andrew: Drums. Jeff: Guitar.

Kevin: Guitar, and I'm the lead singer. Jonathan's not here, but he plays bass.

# What are your plans as a band for the future?

Kevin: We take it day by day. We've been together for three years. We did a lot of touring and stuff on breaks. We haven't been able to tour as much as we'd like. I do a lot of promotions online and try to spread the word. Hopefully we'll sell out the way we want to sell out.

# How do you feel about Catcher in the Rye?

[none of the band members seemed to remember reading it. Kevin said his favorite "old English

book" was *The Great Gatsby*. Andrew likes satire, particularly Jonathan Swift. Jeff can't remember the last time he read a book]

# What do you hope to accomplish with your songs?

Kevin: I want to touch people. That's it. I just want to touch them. No, originally, I probably set out for girl stuff...really, when I was fifteen, I started writing songs because I wanted to make out with this girl. I don't see her anymore...but that used to be the goal. But as it's progressed, we see how seriously people take the lyrics. Our songs cover a wide range of experiences. I always say relationships, friendships, and journeys of faith are what inspire songs.

# How often do girls come on to you just because you're in the band?

Kevin: I think that's happening right now, actually.

#### Yeah, eww. So how do you respond to it when it does happen?

Kevin: Well, it depends on whether they buy a CD or not. But really, I have a girlfriend. I haven't always had a girlfriend, but it's never been a huge problem. It's not like there are a whole lot of girls who come after us at our shows.

#### Which band member do girls come after most often?

Kevin: It's all about Andrew. Andrew: I wasn't informed.

Kevin: I don't know. It's not like anyone throws herself at us. We're not a frickin' glam rock band. Except...well, the younger girls show us a lot of attention, but that's just natural, I guess. I don't really...I've never more than made out with a girl on Kicking Howard comes first. I like to create my tour. I don't know about Jonathan. [laughter among own songs, though. band members]

"We'll sell out

the way we want

to sell out."

Why would anyone in **New York** want to listen to a band from Auburn. Alabama?

Kevin: They don't really.

We just force it on them. No, I don't know. We do by anyone in the scene... Andrew and I have gone a lot of online promotions. And our fan base probably doubled when we got the sponsorship with this." And nobody's ever gotten back to us. But Billy Martin from Level 27, Good Charlotte's clothing company. He's helped us promote through his mailing list. We're also sponsored by In-Tune Guitar Picks. And we tour a lot. When we're on tour, we go to the mall with a Walkman and try to get people to buy our CD.

#### What do you feel the purpose of music is?

Kevin: Music is supposed to help people articulate their feelings, express them, embrace them. For someone listening to music, it helps them identify feelings. I mean, a lot of fourteen year olds didn't cry before listening to Chris Carrabas and Dashboard Confessional. [what he overlooked was the possibility of alleged fourteen year olds crying because of Dashboard Confessional.]

I think it just teaches people to be whiny.

Kevin: I don't think so. I think we live in an age where sometimes it's harder to complain or whine without some sort of medium. If music helps with that and lets someone get out the feelings they need to get out, then great. I hate hardcore music, but it's a lot better than them spitting a loogie at me on an overpass. Right?

Jeff: or so they don't beat up other kids? Kevin: Whatever. And I don't think anyone who listens to our music whines

#### Whatever. Would you guys (Jeff and Andrew) like to be the lead singer? Jeff: Nah.

Andrew: Well, I've got a band on the side, but

[there was more conversation, but when the Auburn scene was mentioned, suddenly it stopped.] Kevin: That whole scenester mentality...we were the pop/punk/emo scene. People used to make this huge division between the two. We've never been able to recover from that. We've asked Babydriver probably ten times to play with us so we can combine these two scenes and let it go. And I've never once been approached

over to the W6 House and said, "Please let us play there's a definite division when I talk to people from different scenes about their opinion of Kicking Howard. And that's fine if they don't like the music, but I think, from the day I came here, that Kicking Howard has done a s\*\*\*load for the scene. Like we brought in Feeble Weener, and Northstar came, and Jupiter Sunrise, and My Hotel Year. Like these bigger bands would not have come to Auburn, not even known about Auburn, unless we were friends with them. Babydriver is the only band I know that's been around as long as we have, except the Immortal Lee County Killers. I mean, instead of there being one crowd and one crowd, there can be a big crowd that can support bigger venues. When you get more scenes together and more people, more bands pop up. My words of wisdom are to try to bridge that gap.

# **Baby Driver**

t's possible that you have never to a Babydriver show. But if this is the case, it is through no fault of Babydriver. Playing more shows in a month than many Auburn bands play in a semester, a Babydriver show was far from difficult to find. And though you might not have ever heard Babydriver, I guarantee that you've seen one of their flyers hanging in the front entrance billboard of Parker, or on your way to your third floor class in Haley. Among the straight forward announcements. request for roommates, and vehicles for sale, the man in a suit holding a microphone with devil horns was sure to stand out\*. A sinisterly goofy blue monster, the pointy teethed banana, an afro-kid chomping on a piece of meat, and if you look closely enough you would find a list of bands, a location, a date, and sometimes a time. This is the closest much of Auburn got to experiencing Babydriver, an opportunity that has, sadly, been squandered. After five years of rock, Babydriver recently played their last show to a room so packed with people, one could hardly move his appendages. I had the opportunity to sit down with Babydriver's former vocalist, Joey, (and a few of his "drinking buddies") a few days after the show and talk with him about the band and his thoughts on Auburn's rock and roll scene.

What bands have had the biggest influence on Babydriver?

In the beginning it was Kiss, of course, and the Quadrajets. It was mainly just a rock and roll band. I just wanted to play rock and roll I didn't really care, you know I grew up on motley crew and kiss and stuff and punk, you know like the misfits. It wasn't one certain thing. I just wanted to be a rock and roll band.

[Drinking Buddy: His biggest influence was Guinness]

If you had to make a Babydriver concoction, what would be the ingredients?

One part Mastodon; one part Skynard; and one part Sabbath.

It's heavy, but kind of southern rock and roll.

What was Babydriver's purpose? And are you satisfied with what you've accomplished?

Our purpose was to have fun and to be able to play out of town. We went on tour three times, so, yeah, I accomplished more than I thought I ever would.

Where have you played? And what's your favorite place?

We've done all the east coast up to New York, over to Ohio and back down to Kentucky, Tennesee, and we've done as far as Texas. I liked Emo's in Austin, Texas. Probably that place was my favorite place to play, but I always like

playing in Atlanta, and Auburn house shows. We've played for like 300 people at the ale house, but house shows are so much better. I'd rather play for 20 people crammed in a house than 300 people in a real venue.

How has the scene changed since when you guys started?

I liked it because I liked going to shows, and then I started booking show, and I liked it more. And I think now, I was kind of worried that it was going to be not so good because a lot of people moved off, but I think its better this year than it has been in the past couple of years.

What are some current Auburn bands that you enjoy seeing?

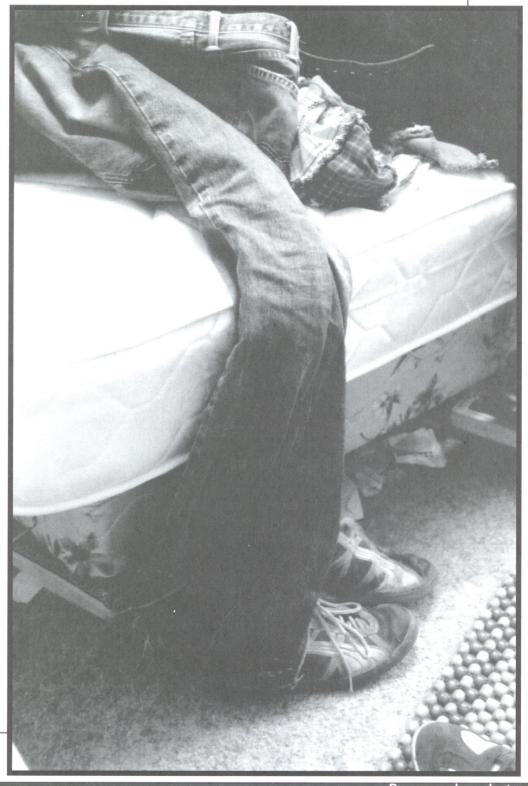
I play in Auburn Bikini now. But that doesn't answer your question. I still like Hermatavore, I mean they've been around forever. I really like them all. I try to support everybody. Even the people I don't really hang out with that play at other venues that I don't really ever go to, I still support what they do.

What is your advice for people who want to get into the music scene in Auburn.

You can always go to Auburnrock.com. There're always flyers. We always had huge posters made when we played shows. If you ever see someone walking around you think goes to shows, ask him, because he probably knows.

\*Most of Babydriver's exceptionally amazing gig posters were designed by Zach Hobbs, a class of 2002 Auburn graduate in Graphic Design and drummer for the Wednesdays.

•••••••



Boys - color photo David Plaxco

# helluva helluva engineer

## Lee Lerner

I have been absorbed with technology and its positive affects on society since 1992 at a mere age eleven. My father had given me an advanced 1992 laptop and a book on MSBasic coding techniques. I remember exactly what he said before he locked my bedroom door, "Son, technology is the future, and you

better make me lots of money in the future."
Not that this laptop was anything substantial compared to conventional standards. In terms of Microsoft Windows, it didn't have the memory to run a single window. None the less, it served my curiosity well. I spent hours

upon hours doing what any computer nerd with a laptop at age eleven would do: writing graphical programs that vaguely resembled breasts. This obsession with direct applications of engineering basically carried through high school. After a high school career revolving around a love for mathematics and the first two seasons of Battle Bots, electrical engineering seemed to be my obvious choice of major in undergraduate studies.

Shortly after graduation, I set out to attend Auburn University, that beautiful home on the plains, with hopes of excelling in an academic community I had yet to fully comprehend. What would class be like? Would it be too difficult for me to understand? Would I survive in the prestigious engineering program Auburn

I spent hours upon hours doing what any (male) computer nerd with a laptop at age eleven would do: writing graphical programs that vaguely resembled breasts. ... After a high school career revolving around a love for mathematics and the first two seasons of Battle Bots, electrical engineering seemed to be my obvious choice of major in undergraduate studies.

has to offer? Surely the thriving academic community would provide this young student with ample information and instruction to suffice my growing curiosity.

My freshman year was probably no different from yours. I wasted most of my time hanging out with fellow students that I hardly knew or even liked for that matter. I waited until the night before all of my first exams to open my books. I felt the need to get involved with the school in some form or fashion and make a name for myself. However, my sophomore year may have been a little different than you would expect,

for this is the year I was accepted into the I was not aware at the time that you could College of study Tetris in

Engineering.

As I had anticipated, I encountered some difficulties with the material early in my undergraduate engineering pursuit. It was my first EE course, Probabilistic Methods of Estimating White Noise in Non-existent

Circuits, taught by none other than Professor M. T.-Q. Blue. It had come time for the first and last major exam of the course. I was having minor difficulties understanding some of the material, so I set

out to seek help. My initial idea was to go to the teaching assistant's office, which took a mere three hours to find. Before I was allowed to enter the TA's office to ask him a question, he forced me to challenge and fight a fellow student claiming that he could "only service one of us" that day and we would just

have to "duke it out" to see who it would be. He led us to some room filled with buckets and mops located in the basement of Broun Hall with "Death Combat Arena" scratched into the inside of the door. When I arrived at his office the next day, he said that he had no time to help me as he was preoccupied with research for a professor.

Before I was allowed to enter the TA's office to ask him a question, he forced me to challenge and fight a fellow student claiming that he could "only service one of us" that day and we would just have to "duke it out" to see who it would be. He led us to some room filled with buckets and mops located in the basement of Broun Hall with "Death Combat Arena" scratched into the inside of the door.

however, was not easily accomplished. It turns out that Auburn's electrical engineering program is cutthroat; literally, there have been three near deaths so far this semester. The first near

I offered a student to trade a copy of his old test for copies of the next three homework assignments, and he was happy to oblige. I

I discover that he had slipped me some high school anatomy exam with certain unmentionable parts circled.

thought I had it made. Only later did

study Tetris in g r a d u a t e school.

After little success from visiting the TA, I thought that perhaps studying some of the old tests and quizzes might help. This task,

death
came
when a
scrawny
sophomore
named
Pradeep
grabbed
an old test
from a
group
studying
in the
green

room. I should clarify that old tests in EE are as valuable as weapons grade plutonium. If you have an old test, then you do not ever have to study and you are guaranteed a passing grade on an exam. In fact, I have not heard of any EE actually "studying" in a year or so. If you are not in some fraternity of short term drinking buddies, you cannot just expect another

student to willingly share old tests with you. You have to barter for them, you know, set up one of the guys on a date with your sister or something. But innocent Pradeep was not aware of this system. He was desperate and saw no other acceptable course of action. I won't go into details about his excruciating torture, but let us just say it

involved one of last year's senior design projects gone astray and some carefully placed electrodes. I offered a student to trade a copy of his old test for copies of the next three homework assignments, and he was happy to oblige. I thought I had it made. Only later did I discover that he had slipped me some high school anatomy exam with certain unmentionable parts circled.

of the exam but I was prepared. I had studied all of the previous night and well into the morning. To my surprise, I immediately found the examination bewildering. I walked to the front of the room to ask Professor Blue a question, "Would you help me to understand exactly what you mean by . ," 'If you worked as many hours as I do, teaching, doing research, writing recommendations, etc. would you want to be a professor? Are you not the slightest bit grateful?"

"I am just a bit confused on how this relates to our studies." He raptly replied, "1.4142." "Excuse me?" I said. Again he

started, "13562373095." "Sir, I believe you are just reciting the digits of the square root of two." He stared directly at me this time, "0488016, as an engineer you have to take your licks!" It took only a few weeks more to discover exactly what he meant.

My classes became torturous. They provided little to no air conditioning for the

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building. Several them were taught in Cantonese (most likely due to the monetary influence of a certain heir to the throne of some minor Asian country). Lab hours were dedicated to designing n d manufacturing cheap

electronics for the streets of Hong Kong, I received daily threats whispered from the back rows. I once asked a friend if he was ok after having his calculator smashed over his head, to which he replied, "My name is Jaidev. Where I come from it means 'God of Victory'." I was forced to keep my excitement pertaining to the material to myself. I once independently discovered how Bernoulli trials can be used to derive binomial coefficients. When I showed this discovery to a student sitting next to me he seemed rather agitated. His name was Boomer and he was by far the professor's favorite student. "Well, I just thought you

might find this application of what we are studying interesting." Boomer, "I ain't no fucking scientist, I'm an engineer."

Towards the end of the semester, I went to Professor Blue's office to ask for a recommendation. I quickly formed the impression that he was not going to give me one when I began to ask, "Professor Blue, I was wondering if you..." and he energetically interrupted, "Well can I have you mother's phone number?" I thought

then that if I was not going to get what I came for, then at least maybe he could help me understand something that happened at the beginning of the semester. I asked, "Why did we have to trade vou calculators for abacuses at the beginning of the semester?" He jumped quickly to his feet and

threw his arm across the top of his desk projecting his books and the remains of his lunch in my direction all the while yelling, "If you can't take it, sissy boy, why don't you just march on over to that giant building we call Haley and declare yourself some artsy fartsy liberal arts major!"

I hope that I have not misled you to infer that there is any escaping from the treacherous life of an undergraduate pursuing a degree in electrical engineering. I have found little condolence in my classes outside of Broun Hall. When asking for a review of my first essay in an English class, the professor, realizing I was an engineer, asked me to design the entertainment electrical system for her Italian marble spa room. When I tried to explain to a professor

in the Philosophy Department that I had discovered how Boolean algebra governs sentential logic, he loftily replied, "Listen, I know that you are an engineer and therefore do not expect you to understand philosophy. But it would be nice if you could change that florescent up there that keeps flickering. Damn florescent light bulbs."

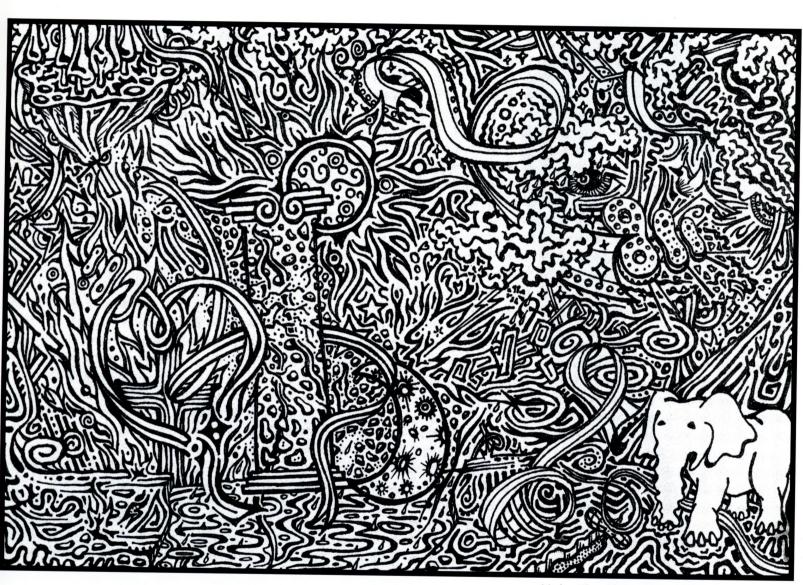
I have adapted to my environment in recent semesters. I no longer have to wear

I hope that I have not misled you to infer that there is any escaping from the treacherous life of an undergraduate pursuing a degree in electrical engineering.

...I have adapted to my environment in recent semesters. I no longer have to wear a cup to class. Do you know how difficult it is to ride a bicycle with a cup on?

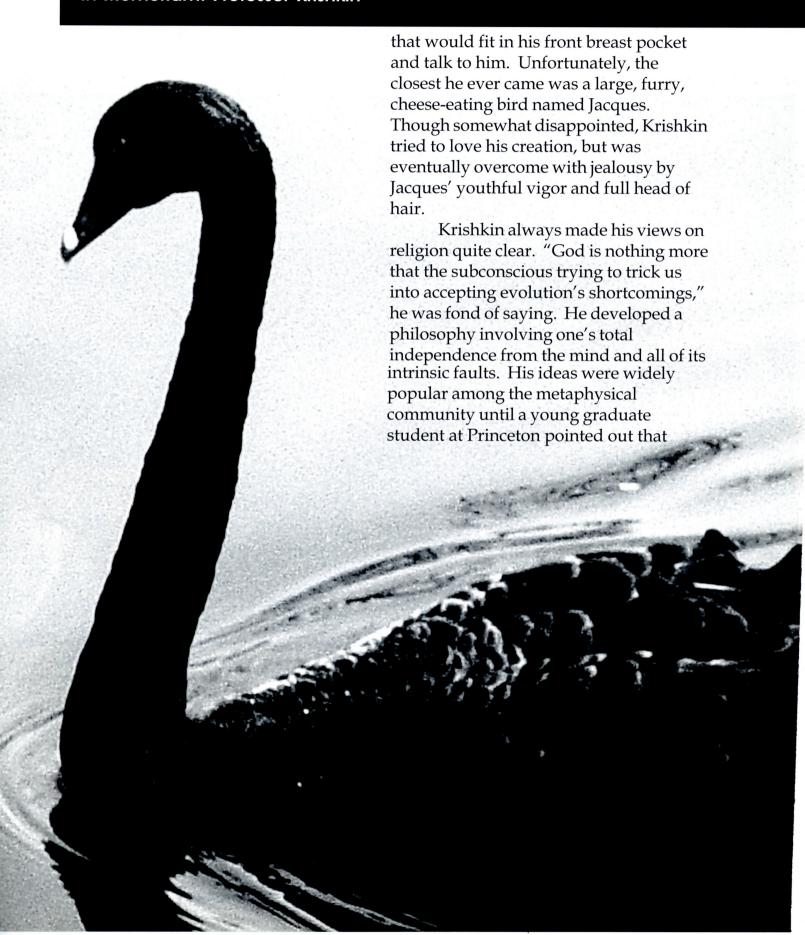
a cup to class. Do you know how difficult it is to ride a bicycle with a cup on? As of late, I have even been encouraged by fellow students. Why just last week, when Trey slashed my tires so that I couldn't make it home in

time to get my homework assignment, I smiled and he in turn replied, "Hey you're a good man. You can work for me one day." I am almost finished with my studies here at Auburn and look forward to obtaining a degree from this prestigious university. And frankly, I am really quite proud of my work as an undergraduate. Sure, I may break some glasses here and there or step on a few calculators. But, I am guaranteed to be a hell of an engineer one day.



Ugly Elephant- ink drawing Robert Kittinger

Continued from Page 5: In Memoriam: Professor Krishkin



they made absolutely no sense whatsoever, to Krishkin's great disappointment.

"These young upstarts should learn some respect for the irrationality of their elders," he complained to me one evening at a symposium in London. I did my best to console him, but I think his faith in humanity's gullibility was forever shaken.

Although he spoke many languages, including Russian, English, Latin, and Greek, Krishkin always refused to learn French. "I just don't trust those C's with the little curly things hanging from the bottom," he was once heard muttering to himself while on a tour of the historic French countryside. Eventually concluding that all existing languages are inherently flawed, he created a new one of his own design.

Hopping it would catch on, he used it while lecturing, ordering in restaurants, and speaking with friends and colleagues

. He was soon committed to Bellevue Asylum, and stayed there for almost two weeks before finally deciding he was "just wasting time with all those stubborn doctors," and reverted to English. Even then, it took quite a bit of convincing to have him released. Partially due, I believe, to his reluctance to return the straight jacket.

His suicide came as a shock to all who knew him. It was during one of the lavish high society cocktail/twister parties he was so fond of hosting in his posh fourteenth story Manhattan penthouse that our dear old Nikolai finally committed the unthinkable. Reading simply, "I've gone out the window, don't touch my stuff," the note he left was found the next day by his housekeeper beneath a half eaten hoagie on his sixteenth century Dutch writing desk amidst his various unfinished works. I suppose the weight of his own intellect had become too much for even him to bear. Krishkin's body (or at least what was left of it after an eighty-five foot fall) was cremated on August fifth, his seventy-fourth birthday. The ashes were donated to the Smithsonian Institute, who quickly dumped them in the nearest parking lot and pawned the urn for a respectable sum. I will always remember my good friend Nikolai Krishkin as a kind, brilliant, caring, egomaniac. I suppose he was just too beautiful for this world. Rest in peace friend, you will be missed.





Cabin Door- b&w photo Mary Ferguson

# Never Forget

The past and the future intertwined as two figures walked hand in hand in the distance. The taller of the two was an elderly woman holding tightly to the hand of her granddaughter. They both sauntered silently along the abandoned train tracks that had not been used for decades. A cold, voiceless wind drifted eerily over the phantom tracks with a haunted past.

"Faded golden stars glow

Under the dying sun

Doomed souls board

One by one

Each forming human rows

By the boxcar's window

Old next to young

Until the task is done

And faces gaze with woe

At where the train tracks lead

Wondering if they will die or live

Or surrender or fight.

The Lord's flock is carried

Away bound and captive

Like phantom whispers in the night,"

murmured the grandmother.

The girl listened intently to the ghostly memories. The grandmother's eyes misted slightly as she scanned the outline of the intimidating gate, remembering.

"Men open the train's heavy doors

And the light blinds my eyes.

I hear foreign commands nearby
In a tongue I've not heard before.

I hear the ovens' distant roar
As ashes rain from the red sky.

The gate reads, 'Arbeit Macht Frei.'

I am chilled to the very core.

I realize where we have been brought
As the breath in my chest is caught.
'Work makes you free,' the entrance mocks
Knowing we can't flee where we walk.

Here we are led, victims of hate

To death's entrance at Auschwitz's gates," the

woman whispered to the girl.

"Tell me what you see, Grandma," the girl said softly, "so that I can see it, too."

The woman looked at her with heartbreak etched across her face.

"Come with me and I'll show you," the grandmother faintly replied as they both entered the gate.

The girl curiously followed her, and then stopped when she saw snowflakes falling from the dark skies. She reached out her hand and caught a few flecks, but instead of melting in her hand, the gray specks remained as phantom reminders between her fingers. The girl gasped, but instead of crisp, fresh air, she scented the burning flesh of her people.

Confused, the girl rushed to join her grandmother further down the spectral path and clutched her arm. The grandmother's voice caused her to look ahead. She saw several people strolling across the camp, conversing noiselessly. As the girl continued to stare, the people transformed into living skeletons dressed in

striped prison rags bearing the faded yellow star of a Jew. The anguished prisoners' sunken eyes stared at the girl as she shuddered with dismay.

The sojourners next entered a narrow building filled with cluttered rows of feeble, wooden bunks that lined the room's dirty walls.

"Jehovah, O Lord, I thank you today

For all the dysentery and the lice.

They keep the SS officers away.

I thank you for the little rats and mice.

They keep me company when friends are gone.

Thank you for the thirst and gnawing hunger

So I can think of these things at the dawn

Instead of my children torn asunder.

Thank you for the hard work and cruel

beatings.

They break my body, but strengthen my soul.

Thank you for the sounds of death and

weeping.

They remind me that I've escaped death's toll.

You have given me life, the greatest gift.

Jehovah, O Lord, I thank you for this," the woman prayed through trembling words.

The girl listened attentively as she caressed the splintered wood of the old bunks. Though the bunks were empty, the girl looked and saw hundreds of bony, louse-ridden prisoners crammed together, dreaming of lost freedom. The girl's eyes watched these poor souls whimpering in their sleep until bloodcurdling screams filled the air. The girl peered around, but could not find the source of the horrible sound.

"Where is it coming from?" the girl asked her grandmother with a shiver.

The older woman's eyes flickered slightly. "You hear it, too?"

A young woman dressed in prisoner's rags emerged next to the girl and took her hand.

"Come with me, child. I'll show you," said the prisoner through gaunt lips, famished from months of hunger.

The girl turned to take her grandmother along, but she had disappeared. Reluctantly, the girl followed the guide to another building and they both entered a large room with bare walls. The room suddenly began to fill with elderly men and women as nervous chatter enveloped the

atmosphere. Mothers, shepherding their distraught lambs, pressed in on all sides. Undressing frantically, the young children desperately clung to their mothers. Poison gas began to hiss loudly as their worried faces became distorted. Shrieking filled the air. The Jews began to claw at the locked doors, ululating as their naked bodies writhed in pain. In an instant, their terrified faces blackened as their doomed bodies fell. The chamber became a sea of ashen bodies whose faces vacantly stared with unseeing eyes. The petrified children now heaped on the ground, their mouths agape for one last cry. Suddenly the lamenting stopped and the mounds of corpses faded.

"Why?" the girl cried, clutching the young woman's bony hand.

She was answered with only a macabre silence.

In the next room, ovens lined the walls. Amid the placid silence, a grieving wind embraced the little girl. Its' hands touched her gently as she felt a wraithlike breath on her neck. The girl heard phantasmal voices speaking in vaporous tones as the ovens began to roar with

fire. She froze as the ghoulish words came to life.

"My journey ends and I see hot flames

Consuming corpses, broken and maimed.

I am thrown in the ovens screaming,

Choking, gasping, barely breathing.

Smoking hands reach for the door,

Begging not to die forevermore.

y hands stretch and reach then slowly wand

My hands stretch and reach then slowly wane
As my body shrivels in the flames.

My ebbing voice cries through thick smoke
Then fades away like a spectral ghost.

I die with the fire as my tombstone

Completely and utterly alone," uttered the

Instantly, the bodies vanished as the oven doors slammed. The silenced essence of men remained in the untouched ashes, their homeless bodies forever entombed in exile. The girl realized that she and the prisoner were alone.

vanquished spirits.

Outside, the girl gazed at the chimneys on the roof. They no longer billowed with red smoke nor rained ashes, but were quiet and still. The girl took the prisoner's hand and they both began to move along the path that surrounded

the camp. The wind's icy fingers clutched them as they walked, ushering them across the cursed ground. Forlorn watchtowers in the middle of each wall that once witnessed tragedy were now empty. The hunched fence, now rusting, stood robbed of its killing power. Twitching bodies that once hung on its electrified wires were now gone.

Past the fence, they approached large pits replete with dirt and sand. As the anguished wind howled mournfully, the girl's saddened eyes scanned the vast grave. She saw families being murdered and cast in the gaping pits as gunfire and pleading filled her ears. Closing her eyes, she began to whisper the Mourner's Kaddish. Images of prisoners being whipped and dogs ripping apart those who refused execution plagued her thoughts as she uttered the Hebrew prayer. The prisoner began to echo the familiar words and together, they created a soft chorus of hushed utterances. When they had finished, the girl took the Haftling's hand.

"You see pictures of our faces In the Hall of Remembrance. You see our books, clothes, shoes, and hair In the Holocaust museums. You hear our prayers to Jehovah In the ghetto's old synagogues. You hear our loud, desperate cries On footage of the gas chambers. You sense our ghostly presence In the bunks of the death camps. You see our plastic limbs and glasses Which we left behind. You scent our sweet, smoky ashes In the dark crematoriums. You grasp the tall, barbed wire fences That separated us from life. Do not forget these things you saw, But teach them to others Because you are my witness," sighed the prisoner.

The girl empathetically embraced the woman. When they pulled apart, the escort became her grandmother. A tear rolled down the girl's cheek.

"I understand," the girl said faintly.

Hand in hand, they headed down the path leading to the gate and walked out the entrance of Auschwitz.

"Never forget," the grandmother pleaded under her breath.

"I will be your witness," the girl vowed.

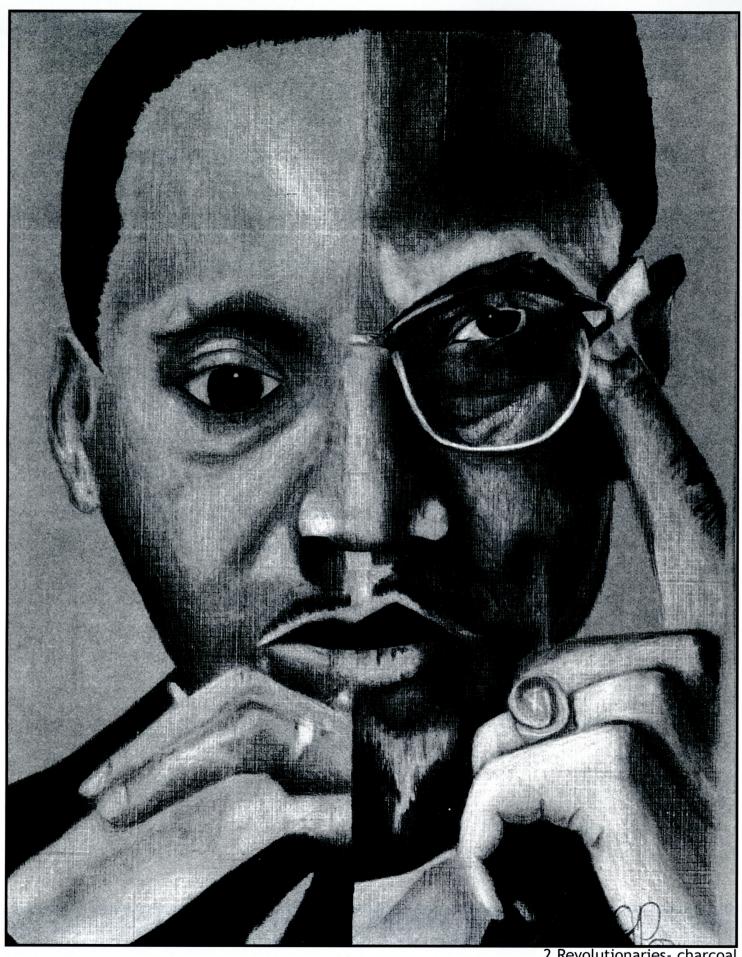
"With wistful eyes, I observe this place

Seeing things of the past

This place being as I left it

With an echo of remembrance," murmured the grandmother in a reflective sonance.

As they journeyed side by side down the train tracks, the lamenting wind carrying the voices of a million souls blew faintly crying, "Never forget."



2 Revolutionaries- charcoal Julian Petty

# Instances of Ignorance

## Joshua Lopez

ver the course of my life,
there have

been numerous instances in which I have been stereotyped. It would be untrue and somewhat humorous to claim that I have expended a great deal of energy defending myself against these personal assaults, due

times when I have found myself frustrated, confused, and resentful towards those who would make derogatory assumptions about me based solely on my ethnicity. On several occasions, I have fallen victim to the offensive stereotypical ideals associated with Latino American gentlemen, based on my appearance.

in large part to the obvious contradiction my personality presents on a daily basis.

Being incessantly identified as a Mexican did not upset me to the degree that many might assume, yet I was puzzled as to why it was such a difficult task for those around me to accept that I was of a dissimilar ethnic group.

As I began
elementary
school, my peers
erroneously
reasoned that a
tan complexion, a

Many years before I found myself dealing with stereotypical labels, I was taught to disregard the ignorance of those who would brand me and refrain from showing any inkling of anger towards my assailant. Despite the calm and collected disposition I make an effort to maintain, there have been

slight accent, and dark hair accurately equated me with a Mexican male. Therefore, I was affectionately dubbed "the Mexican" of my class. At the time, it was as jocular to me as it was to my misinformed classmates; however, after the hilarity of this term of endearment had diminished, I enlightened those around me that I was Puerto Rican. Only after my

classmates refused to comply with this My third year attending Jessie Dean implied request of respect, did I begin to Smith Elementary, my citizenship was

resent being the student with a pet name. As far as my immature colleagues were concerned, would forever be the Mexican of the class. Being incessantly

Hurrying down the hall ... I was addressed by the principal. He calmly asked me if I was a student at the school. I nervously affirmed... He then questioned me as to where I was born. Beaming with pride. I professed that I was born in Gadsden, Alabama, at 7:02 in the morning. The principal... concluded with a request... I was to submit my green card to the front desk by 8:00AM the following day.

questioned by the administration. This comical event was brought about by a newly positioned principal. Hurrying down the hall in an attempt to be the first in line for our daily serving of gourmet

identified as a Mexican did not upset me to cuisine, I was addressed by the principal. He the degree that many might assume, yet I was puzzled as to why it was such a difficult task for those around me to accept that I was of a dissimilar ethnic group. With time, I realized that it was impossible for these young, southern, and unknowingly prejudiced children to comprehend that Mexicans were not the only type of Latino American. The contempt that I once harbored for the members of my class has been replaced by pity.

calmly asked me if I was a student at the school. I nervously affirmed that Mrs. Mulkey was my instructor and that I was a student in the second grade. He then questioned me as to where I was born. Beaming with pride, I professed that I was born in Gadsden, Alabama, at 7:02 in the morning. The principal's brilliant line of questioning concluded with a request of proof of citizenship; I was to submit my green card to the front desk by 8:00AM the following day.

Scared and bewildered, I quickly assured my compliance. My parents insisted that it was necessary to arrive early for the submission

of my nonexistent document and that it must be personally discussed with the principal. My parents explained to this learned man his blunder and

mandated that he discuss

vehicle soon, I proceeded to drive to the nearest Chevron. I arrived shortly before a manila colored Cadillac parked at a gas

I decided to offer..assistance
..to the seemingly feeble
woman.... Her tinted
window recessed into the
door and a clearer image of
her annoyed face came into
view. She quickly barked,
"It's about time! I've sat
here for five minutes. Fill up
the tank, but don't you
expect any kind of tip."

pump adjacent to my location. As I began to fuel my car that Wednesday afternoon, I noticed that the driver of the Cadillac was an unaccompanied elderly woman. Remembering

any further queries pertaining to my citizenship with them directly. My family has recounted this amusing story countless times. Every time I choose to dredge up the droll account, I am thankful that I have long since graduated from Jessie Dean Smith Elementary. This event was the first of many to illustrate that cultural ignorance is shared by both the young and old.

A more potent stereotype concerning assumed social status was placed upon me the day I received my driver's license. After realizing that my driving career would be short-lived if I opted not to refuel my

that my grandmother learned to operate a fuel pump at the age of sixty-five, I decided to offer any assistance I could provide to the seemingly feeble woman. After completing my petroleum transaction, I carefully approached the woman. Her tinted window recessed into the door and a clearer image of her annoyed face came into view. She quickly barked, "It's about time! I've sat here for five minutes. Fill up the tank, but don't you expect any kind of tip." After I had recovered from the initial shock of her

comment, the predominant emotion that flooded my existence was anger. Although it would be inappropriate for me to convey my *exact* thoughts in an essay written for the public, I will admit I was passionately

gasoline would you like for me to use?"

Her grimace of embarrassment aided me in removing the invisible label she had placed upon me and provided me with a shameful amount of personal satisfaction. Why then



Suspicion- graphite
——— Terran Wilson

disgusted with the woman and all of those akin to her. I felt as if she drew a distinct parallel between me, a Latino American male, and a gas station attendant, never considering the accuracy of her assumption. Remembering the values that were instilled in me, I regained my composure and politely said, "I am not employed here, but I will be glad help you. What grade of

would this woman, knowledgeable of at least basic etiquette, not show me the respect of apologizing for her mistake? I have often contemplated the minutest details of this affair, aware that it is probable the aged woman could not recall the type of car she was driving at the time. A friend once informed me that my attire might have assisted her in concluding that I

labored at the establishment, and my
ethnicity was irrelevant. Amused by her
comment, I smiled and requested that she
direct me to the nearest full service Chevron
that required its employees to wear a shirt
and tie.

Many individuals who select to exploit a stereotype are oblivious to the personal insult they serve their victim. Generally, I tend only to recall flagrant instances of stereotypical branding; however, phrases that are verbalized more frequently than others exist in memory as well. When I am speaking to someone for the first time and ask if he/she has any siblings, his/her equivalent inquiry is, "You probably have a bunch of brothers and sisters, don't you?" It is customarily asked whether or not I am fluent in Spanish. When I reply in the negative, an expression of utter confusion is my response. Innocent stereotypical assumptions such as these cause no harm to my person or pride, yet I do not see the necessity in assuming such

things without probable cause. I manage to refrain from assuming that all people from the South consume grits. It is only fair that I enjoy the same degree of courtesy.

For twenty years, I have been judged by Latino American stereotypes due to my outward appearance. Unfortunately, the stereotypes associated with my ethnic group do not characterize Latinos as being the attractive and intelligent people they are. Instead, they are thought of as Mexican gas station attendants who reside in the United States illegally. Speaking on behalf of the largest minority population in the nation, the future relationship between Latino Americans and the United States is dependent on the country's willingness to accept individual Latinos for who they present themselves to be, not as what they are assumed as being.

#### The Art of War

I gave him the best gift I could: Sun Tzu Hard and leather-bound. The book was beautiful Cream with browns And muted yellow details.

I gave it to him Knowing it would keep forever; In hopes that one day his child will ask, And what he will remember is the hell he gave to me

Katie Baldwin

## Timothy tan

my shoes are ugly. worn-out and old

and still i never cared until i noticed you were there.

then you approached me and asked me to dance. i shuddered inside. i blushed at the chance.

with my shoes in plain view we strutted around.

i covered them up but you never looked down.



Mardi Gras 2002- b&w photo John Counts

# Acknowledgements

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Images submitted on CD or by e-mail MUST have a resolution of at least 300 dpi. This is the resolution required for printing clear images. Images with lower resolution print poorly.

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